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## IT CAN NOT LAST FOREVER.

It's a word of comfort for you  
Who see life's rugged road  
Are telling 'neath the burden  
Of a life, by honest hand,  
It will make your heart grow lighter,  
Whatever be your wrong,  
And give you strength to bear it,  
If you take these words along,  
And say when clouds of darkness  
Around your pathway hover:  
"The sun is shining just beyond,  
It can not last forever."

Just try them when you're wearied  
By each petty care and strife,  
By each little aggravation  
Of your common daily life.  
When angry words are rising,  
That you can scarcely smother,  
And every thing seems "twisted up,"  
And tied in knots to bother,  
You'll find those words are like a knife,  
Each twisted knot to sever:  
It straightens out each angle with  
"It can not last forever."

Or if some great disaster  
Like a cyclone sweep your sky,  
And stunted and helpless with the shock  
Beside the wreck you lie,  
Remember that no storm comes  
But has a clearing day;  
The darkest night a morning,  
An end to the longest way.  
Then take these words to cheer you,  
You'll find them like a sever:  
To raise you to thinking spirits up:  
"It can not last forever."  
—John M. Alexander, In Once a Week.

## MARY KENT'S PLAN.

How Independent Housekeeping Proved a Success.

"What is the matter, John?"  
"Nothing."  
The lady did not seem satisfied.  
"Well, then, I've been paying the quarterly bills, and they're much heavier than I expected."  
"You always say that."  
"It is always true."  
"Let me see them, please."  
The weary man gave her the papers with an air of hopeless resignation which, to his sanguine wife, seemed amusingly disproportioned to the cause. That she failed to repress a smile was unfortunate.

"It may seem funny to you, Mary, you don't care for my interest, of course."  
The smile died suddenly, and the lips were tightly closed to restrain an angry retort, as her husband continued:  
"Every year we've been living about five hundred dollars ahead of our income. This excess comes out of our small principal—and I suppose you can foresee the sure result."  
"If I were a man, I would do something to stop the leak; I would never sit down and mourn over a little money." No sooner said than regretted; for the wife knew her husband well; that to his heart's core, and usually most kind; but a money-maker never.

"I don't see where all this sugar can have gone to. Listen: March 3th, 8th, 13th, 20th, thirty-five pounds in less than three weeks. Three in the family; two for coffee-drinkers, except my self; there is left the company and no extra dishes. We could not have used it."  
"There are four of us with the servant."  
"I begin to think that fourth member is a very costly one. I do wish you would give up going to the kitchen to ask that is, to ask if Bridget had come to me each time to ask for supplies it would be a saving to your pocket."  
"She tells me every morning as I am starting for the village, and I suppose by your order; if you would be in the kitchen more?"  
"Somehow I can't be when she is there. She is capable, she does her work well, and she makes me feel an intruder. It is her kitchen, not mine!"

"Then I see no way but to go on to the end," John went out, and Ruth, running in from play, found her usually cheerful mother in tears.  
"What is the matter, mamma, darling?"  
"Never mind, dearie; nothing to trouble you."  
"Money talk—I know! I hate it! It always makes you cry, and papa angry, and every thing horrid."  
"Hush, Ruth! Don't add any more water to this overflow. Mother can not bear to see tears in your young eyes; and she mentally settled a resolution that none should ever again see them in hers, for such cause."  
The Kent's had a small income, inherited, which, from frail health and a natural lack of "push," the husband was never able to increase. He had early married Mary Hubbard, an independent, brave little school-mistress, who had freely earned and freely spent in the days before her marriage; and without much thought about the matter when her wedding feasts were over, she had simply told her husband that her wardrobe needed replenishing.

When a few dollars were given her, with strict injunctions as to their careful using, she had learned a bitter lesson.  
John had not meant to be unkind. He knew nothing of the cost of women's clothing; and—in his normally "pinched" condition—had fancied himself really generous. He felt his wife's value, was proud of her quick wit and skillful fingers; the whole house bore witness to her culture and refinement. Her paintings graced his walls, her music gladdened his evenings, her knowledge was daily and most faithfully being imparted to their little child.  
Mary never requested money for her personal needs again; after that memorable occasion she waited long, but none was offered her. So one day she quietly announced that she was "going to have a change in painting."  
"Nonsense! Why should you do that?"  
"I think it would be nice." Necessary would have been nearer the truth.  
"I think it would be ridiculous. Besides, what would people think? If you take care of your home it is enough."  
"I like to be helpful. What people think makes no difference to me, if I am doing right."  
"Very well; as you choose."  
This had been long ago, in those first early months of wedded life which, to

truly loving hearts, are harder to bear than any which come later.  
The "class" was organized, and had been kept up with more or less profit ever since.  
"Ruthie, please ask papa to come in; I want to talk with him."  
"Not about expenses, mamma; please don't!"  
"Yes, darling, about money; but don't you fear. Mother has had a happy idea we're going to have the jolliest times—you see! Run quickly. I'm all impatient! and, when once the details are settled, I'll tell you, and you shall share."  
John appeared. "My dear, I don't see any use in discussing the vexed question, it amounts to nothing."  
"Silence, 'doubting Thomas!' Sit down by my desk and look over my figures; but, first, shorten up your countenance and put on your 'specs.'"  
The near-sighted husband complied.  
"No higher arithmetic! Now, listen, Thomas. Callahan wants to rent the farm."  
"Yes; to pay three hundred dollars for it—a mere nothing."  
"Do you clear three hundred from it?"  
"N—no, I lose."  
"How much?"  
"I don't know."  
"Very well, My plan is: let the place to Callahan, reserving only the house, lawn, garden and stable-room for Gypsy." Sell the stock and tools, except the few required for the garden. All along it's been the square man in the round hole—no good fit. To resume; you can care for the bit of land reserved; it would be better than poring over books all the time."  
The husband was interested, and began to listen deferentially.  
"You will save twenty-five dollars a month—Hiram's wages."  
"And have twenty-five more coming in. I guess you're on the right track."  
"Not so fast. I want the rent-money for another purpose. I will give up Bridget and be my own servant."  
"You can't!"  
"I think I can. I will put out the laundry work, and have a woman come occasionally to give a thorough cleaning."  
"That would cost as much."  
"In money paid as wages perhaps it would; but we save the board of one hoary person, the waste, the general 'wear and tear.'"  
"How about your class?"  
"That would be given up; and, as that means a loss of all my pocket-money, I should require my compensation. I want the rent—all of it."  
Her listener's eyes blazed, surprisedly; but not at all abashed by his astonishment his wife went on: "Now for my figures. You pay Bridget fourteen dollars a month, but an extra five at each 'house cleaning.' At how much do you value her board and waste?"  
"At quite as much more."  
"Your own figures then, are three hundred and thirty-six (with ten extra), forty-six dollars a year. In return for the salary I ask, if you assume all charge of Ruth's and my personal expense, that is clothing and so on. The laundry work will cost about seventy-five dollars a year, and that is for you to pay; but I will attend to the hire of the woman who comes to assist in the house. Out of your thousand dollar income, this will leave you over nine hundred to meet the expenses toward which you now have less than five hundred. Wouldn't that stop the leak?"  
"It doesn't fail. I want to help; but I am not willing to go into your kitchen for no recompense save the necessity of begging a few dollars to buy my clothes! If I grow fatter like the chickens—but I don't! The way I have proposed is right and fair on both sides."  
Scenes were beginning to fall from the husband's eyes; he had said his glances that they might do without obstruction; then he rose, held out his arms, and Mary nestled in them.  
"I never dreamed you had that feeling about it, dear; forgive my blundering."  
"Enough! will you try this?"  
"You will not feel it mental, and get discouraged?"  
"I make no rash promises. I shall get tired—I do now; but I see nothing mental in ministering to my own."  
"Then we will try."  
So Mary Kent entered upon a new life. She sang about her tasks like a happy girl, and devised ways and means for saving time, till she laughingly declared "the house nearly ran itself."  
Ruth furthered her mother's plans with childhood's ready sympathy, and "saved steps" where she could; every Saturday evening receiving her own "salary" of fifty cents to do with as she liked, and growing, mentally, with every payment thus received.  
Many a little "picnic" they had during the bright summer days, locking their house and driving about the country. A cold dinner in the woods tasted better than a hot one in the house, and there was no one left alone at home to grow lonely or discontented, and to fret if they were late in getting back.  
"Come home with me, Halford, and take supper."  
"Guess I'd better not. If Mary does her own work, she won't want an unexpected guest."  
"That's just why I ask you. We are free from kitchen tramping now, and do as we like."  
The autumn evening was chill, so the house-mother had lighted a fire on the dining-room hearth. Its dancing gleams fell on a daintily spread table, and lingered caressingly about the happy woman and child who were "waiting for papa."  
From an adjoining kitchen came odors of a tempting little supper, and it was upon this pleasant scene that John Kent brought his friend.  
"I wonder, Mistress Mary, do you always keep food up this way, with your company dishes out?"  
"They're not company any more, Uncle Jack. Mamma and I take care of every thing, so none we have all as pretty as can. I feel older and bigger when we keep nice."  
"Dear little girl, you've hit the nail on the head; we all put dignity with

improved surroundings; but I'm in earnest pursuit of information on this domestic question. At our house there is continued turmoil over the help, changing, scolding, worrying. Mrs. Jack has often threatened to do without, but I feared it would be a losing experiment. How do you face the drudgery which must be as inevitable as distasteful?"  
"It has ceased to exist for me; like this: Washing dishes was my snare; I hated it. Such a deal of grace it takes to do an unpleasant thing over and over, three times a day, on all the days which are to come! Monotonous is mild. I began to grow snappy at sight of a pan of hot water, so I said 'Mary Kent, if you must wash crockery, some noble shall try it.' I fixed up, over my table, a little wire arrangement to hold an open book. Longfellow, in a brown paper pinafore, helps me with the 'nicer things—the glass, silver and china; but when I come to the 'chick dishes,' as Ruthie calls the kettles and pans, I dismiss the poetic soul of Henry Wordsworth and substitute Emerson. Only a philosopher can go through that gracefully!"  
"And how about the fatigue? though you look blooming."  
"Thank you. I get tired, of course, so tired some days that I am ready for bed by nightfall; but I sleep soundly—as I did not when I had less exercise—and I have lost my dyspepsia. As for John, I haven't seen him cross or worried in three months! He's growing stout and handsome, and almost too amiable to be wholesome."  
"I'm glad you happen to be here tonight to learn the result of our experiment; on what he has found out to-day depends the continuance of my dynasty. The bills, husband mine! you went down street to pay them."  
"What if I should say they were larger than before?"  
"You dare not!"  
"Here they are. We don't mind Halford, read them out."  
"Oh! I'm so glad! I thought I was prudent, but didn't expect this; the grocer's bill is less than one-half last quarter's amount; and the others—here's one only a third! That is grand; but the butcher's bill within a dollar or so as large as before."  
"Disappointed?"  
"Yes—no. I fancied there would be something to pay for that fearful appetite of yours. You'll have to retrench it."  
"Oh, don't! I'm more than satisfied."  
"The vote of the company, please. Is independent housekeeping a success?"  
"Ay, ay! and the independent Housekeeper the dearest woman in the world." John was at his wife's side, with a kiss and a smile more appreciative than any of his courtship days.  
"These three months have been the happiest of all our lives together; haven't they, Mollie?"  
"Indeed they have."  
"I'm convinced, Mrs. Jack shall have her way. I go to establish another 'independent household' in the land. Good-night!"  
"Good-night, and good-luck!"—F. E. H. Raymond, in N. Y. Independent.

From Texas.  
About seven years ago I had the measles, and before the disease left me it attacked my lungs, and gave me what the doctors pronounced Consumption. From the clearly defined symptoms, and the fact that members of my family had been afflicted that way, I am confident they were correct in their diagnosis. I suffered terribly for about five years, becoming almost a living skeleton, with death constantly staring me in the face. I finally concluded to try Swift's Specific as an experiment. I began to improve while taking the first few bottles, and after using a dozen or more I found myself hale and hearty, and with no symptoms of the disease left. I honestly believe S. S. S. will cure Consumption if taken in time.  
Very truly,  
J. B. McGEHEE.  
DODD TEXAS, JULY 11, 1888

Knowing that you appreciate voluntary testimonials, we take pleasure in stating that one of our lady customers has regained her health by the use of four large bottles of S. S. S., after having been an invalid for several years. Her trouble was extreme debility, caused by a disease peculiar to her sex.  
W. H. & Co., D.uggists,  
Waco Tex., May 8, 1888

Good Advice.  
Three years ago I was compelled to throw up my place because of blood poison. I have been railroaded for years, and my condition may be imagined when I had to give up a good job because of sickness. Had Spring's physicians and mercury did me no good. Through the advice of another I began taking S. S. S. and to-day I am well and at work again. What more can I say for the medicine, except "go and do likewise."  
JASPER NOCHT,  
Liberty Tenn., July 1888.

Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable remedy, and is the only medicine which has cured of Blood Poison Scrofula, Blood Humors and kindred diseases. Send for our books on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,  
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Newspapers in 1889.  
From the editor of Geo. P. Howell & Co's "American Newspaper Directory," published April first (its twenty-first year); it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada now number 17,107, showing a gain of 797 during the last twelve months and of 7,882 in ten years.

Dr. W. F. Bogges, for three years assistant physician at the Anchorage Asylum, tendered his resignation Friday morning. Dr. Bogges leaves with the indorsement of the Superintendent, Dr. Byrne and the board. He goes to New York to attend the Post Graduate School of Medicine.

Paper sacks for putting up hams for sale at this office, at from 14 to 2 cents each.



**LOOK OUT**  
For our Announcement of  
**NEW GOODS**  
NEXT WEEK.  
**J. H. ANDERSON & CO.**



## Great Clothing Sale

OR  
**SPECIALTIES IN FINE GOODS!**

We will close the following goods at LOWER PRICES than ever named in this market:  
**Fine Cheviot, Corkscrew and English Worsted Suits.**  
**Elegant Germania, Sur and Esquimaux Beaver Overcoats.**  
A large assortment of Astrican and Chinchilla Coats and Vests. A nobby line of Youths' Suits in Frocks and Sacks. Boys' and Children's Suits in great variety.  
We thought a large line of SHIRTS, which we will close in half dozen lots at wholesale price—WHITE SHIRT, 25 CENTS. A fine line of UNDERWEAR, HATS, CAPS, GLOVES, HOSIERY, TIES, &c., &c.  
Now is the time to buy Warm Winter-wear. Our Job Counters are full of bargains.  
**PYE, DICKEN & WALL.**

**MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT**

Penetrates Muscle, Membrane and Tissue to the very marrow bones. Give it one trial and be convinced! It banishes all pain instantly. Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Sore Throat, Contracted Muscles, Dislocated Joints, Sprains, Swellings, Contracted Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Strains, Rashes, Scalds, Piles, Lame Back and every ailment that can be cured by an OINTMENT. ATTENTION! Attention! Attention! Such as Foot and Hoof Disease in Cattle, Scratches in Horses and Mules, Wind Galls, Sprains, Swellings, Dislocations, Kingbone, Full Joint, Lameness and Soreness, Dislocated Hoofs, Horns and Saddle Sores & Galls, Itches, Skin Lumps, Loss of Hair and everything curable by external application, the MUSTANG LINIMENT is Matchless. Rub it in very thoroughly.

Thus the "Mustang" conquers pain, Makes MAN or BEAST well again!

**RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA**

These two diseases cause untold suffering. Doctors admit that they are difficult to cure—so do their patients. Paine's Celery Compound has permanently cured the worst cases of rheumatism and neuralgia—so say those who have used it.

Paine's Celery Compound  
Effects Lasting Cures.  
Paine's Celery Compound has performed many other cures as marvelous as these—cures of others sent to any address. Pleasant to take, does not disturb the stomach, and entirely vegetable; a child can take it. What's the use of suffering longer with rheumatism or neuralgia?

Wells, Richardson & Co., Prop., Burlington, Vt.  
DIAMOND DYE Give Fatter and Brighter Colors than any other Dyes. BABIES Letting upon Exacted Food are Healthy, Sleepy, Healthy, It is Unexcelled.

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**CASTORIA**

Castoria is Dr. Sam'l Pitcher's old, harmless and quick cure for Infants' and Children's Complaints: Superior to Castor Oil, Paregoric or Narcotic Syrups. Children cry for Castoria. Millions of Mothers bless Castoria.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation; New Born, Diarrhoea, Eructation; Gives healthy sleep; also aids digestion; Without narcotic suspension.

"I recommend Castoria for children's complaints, as superior to any other I know of."  
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We have constantly on hand a good line of houses, lots and farms for sale and for rent. Any one desiring anything in this line will do well to call and see us.  
Our Facilities for Placing Insurance are Unsurpassed.  
We respectfully solicit your patronage, and in all matters guarantee perfect satisfaction.  
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